AMBITION SCOVRGE.

DESCRIBED IN THE MORALL FICTION OF *IXYON*,

BY

Sands Penuen.

Qui desiderium suum clausit, cum quo de Fœlicitate contendit. Senec.

LONDOM,

Printed for *Iohn Helme*, and are to be solde at his shoppe, in S. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreete.

1611.

TO THE RIGHT [illegible]R-
ſhipfull, Syr *Michaell Sands*, of *Throughley* in *Kent*, Knight.

IF what is truly Morall, ſerious, graue,
May (clad in Rimes) but gracious fauour haue:
From your Right worthy ſelfe, then am I crown'd,
As if with Laurell, *for in you abound*
All that make man compleate; t'is you therefore
That my Muſe *for her* Patron *doth implore:*
T'was by your meanes that I was firſt inſtructed
In Grammer *learning, ſince which time inducted*
To ſome more knowledge, I moſt humbly pray
You, to accept this Tributarie pay,
From him (who though his Muſe*) bee yet vnnoted,*
Vowes all her ſtudies are to you deuoted.
Nor ſhould it bee a blemiſh to your Fame,
To haue theſe Pages *waite vpon your Name.*

Your worſhips to command,

Sa: Penuen.

The Author to the Presse.

Epigram.

THe Presse for Print, is worse then that for Death;
For that stops ill, and this vent's stincking breath.

Sa. P.

To his Friend, *Sa: Penuen,* on his *Ixyon.*

IT seemes Apollo leades thee to the spring,
Where thou maist heare the learned Sisters sing:
For by thy liuely wittes Inuention,
Thou shew'st Ixyons leaud intention.
Hee hath his merit, punishment and shame,
Take thou thy merit, t'is a liuing Fame.

C. R. Gent.

R. D. Eſquire, to his reſpected Friend, *Sands Penuen.*

IF only hee might reade, that knew to write,
Whoſe Cenſure voyde of Ignorance *as ſpight:*
Might cheriſh free, or checke: not hee whoſe braine
Is lighter then his feather, whoſe chiefe ſtraine
Of wit, conſiſts in's neate compoſure, fraught
With nothing but ill face, can meane, cry naught.
(As beſt comporting with him) then thy Muſe
Might ſomething hope, but mid'ſt theſe times abuſe,
To publiſh ought (of good) were to ſuppoſe, (clothes)
Gallants might ſomething minde (ſaue their ſpruce
Which were enough to damne theee, wherefore friend,
Henceforth, or leaue to write, or hope, or ſend
Thy Papers to the Counter, in whoſe Treaſure
(Reſerv'd) our Brauers *with more witte, more leiſure*
Hereafter may peruſe them, and extract
This Morall from thy worke, that as the act
Of vaine Ixyon Centaures *got of Clowdes,*
So vapor in faire ſheene, foule Monſters ſhrowdes.

Sanabimur ſi ſeparemur à Cœtu.

R. D. Eſq.

Ixyon.

RAre's the Coniunction, the concordãce ſwee
When with endeuour, wit and *Art* do meet:
When true *Promethean* fire doth warm the braine
Then *Induſtry* lifts vp her high ſung ſtraine,
Still ſoares, ſtill mounts (regardles of baſe things)
As high as *Fame* doth on her golden Wings:
But out alas, *Learning* and *Art* refuſe
To ſhead their influence on my ruder *Muſe.*
Nor could ſhe euer ſweetly moue h er wing,
Only as *Carters* whiſtle, ſo I ſing.
They (to delight themſelues) do rudely chaunt,
And that I pleaſe my ſelfe, I onely vaunt.
For in all actions, mans delight him drawes,
And *Appetite* is ſenſleſſe of all *Lawes.*
Then mount low verſe, to ſing *Ixyons* Fate,
And to thy helpe, the *Muſes* inuocate.

Ixyon.

Yee ſacred *Deities*, you I implore,
Whom ſage *Memoria* bred, and nurſt of yore:
Lend your aſſiſtance to my feeble ſcull,
With your *Pierian* vigor make me full.
Yee glorious Siſters of *Parnaſſus* hill,
Your holie furie into mee diſtill.
You, the *Pegaſian* Fount that daily haunt,
And on the brimme do moſt diuinely chaunt:
Now ſend your Influence, and mee inſpire,
Highly to ſing the Iuſtice of your Sire.
Ixyon, (ſometime) the *Theſſalian* King,
Whoſe high *Ambition* flewe on horrid wing:
And checkt each vertuous motion that did riſe,
To intercept (his bloodie enterpriſe)
Soone after hee his marriage rites had done,
And quite diſſolu'd his wiues white virgin Zone.

Thinkes

Thinkes with himſelfe, that well it might agree,
To keepe the fruit, and yet to burne the Tree:
The ſaples truncke bore on his withered top,
A ſparkling *Dyadem*, a golden crop.
Which to poſſeſſe, *Ixyon* ſtrange plots laies,
(Longing to guild his brewes with borrowed raies)
The Crowne he aimes at (ſenſeles of remorſe,)
Not by the Ladders helpe, but axes force.
Nor will he by *Succeſſion* hope to clime,
Nor reſt content the *fruits* maturing *time*.
But ceaze it ſtrait (regardles of all right)
Will is pure Iuſtice when it ſpeake from might.
Eyoneus (that as a barre did ſtand,
T'*Ixyons* hopes) muſt by ſome polliticke hand
Be ſnatch't away, *Ixyon* plots the meanes,
His thoughts are *actors* in moſt tragicke *Sceanes*
And now his *Genius* prompteth him to *warre*,
On ſome forg'd cauſe to moue a publicke Iarre.

To enter King *Eyoneus* fertill *Land*
With warlike troopes, and with an armed band.
With horſes hooues to furrow vp the plaine,
And ſow the field with blood, in ſteed of Graine.
On this waites danger, his cloſe hope replies:
So this plot quickly borne, as quickly dies.
And (like the flower of flax that fades i'th wombe)
This proiectes birth is now become it's tombe.
Becauſe (quoth he) his daughter is my wife,
T'would blaſt my *Fame*, if I ſhould ſeeke his life
By open Armes, therefore (how'ere I worke)
This is no courſe, my hate muſt cloſely lurke.
And t'were prepoſterous to waſt his land,
Whoſe perſon now is (dreadles) in my hand.
Beſides, I thinke this *Axiom* not vaine,
„ They that get much by blood, but little gaine.
Theſe thoughts (intruding thus) doe yet want
For to extinguiſh his ſtill growing ſpight: (might

But

But new inuentions from his braine do flow,
As fast as *Iuy* ſprouts, or *Muſhromps* grow.
Reſtles *Ambition*, whether do'ſt thou tend,
Thy ſtill freſh *Labours*? to what horred end
Fraught'ſt thou *Ixyons* euer-working head, (dread?
With nought but thoughts of *horror*, blood, and
Hee's now thy Slaue, obaies thee at each nod,
And thou (foule feend) art now become his God.
Lead on bleſt *Saint* (ſaith he) and ſtill direct mee,
While thus with richeſt *Epethites* I decke thee.
Then as ſome *Rymeſters* of theſe latter daies,
Bedawbe blacke *Dowdes* with brighteſt Angels
Swearing the *Graces* dwell within their eie, (praiſe
And that each part is ſome pure Deitie:
So gins *Ixyon* to extoll his *Saint*,
And with rich colours this blacke peece to paint.
Thou art (quoth he) th'incyter to great deeds,
For by thy only breath our *honour* breeds.

Thou

Ixyon.

Thou only doeſt diſtinguiſh man from beaſt
And liſt'ſt whom thou poſſeſt boue the reſt:
Thou tak'ſt from vs that *Elementall earth*
Nature with th'other three mixt ere our *Birth*
And in that roome freſh ayre thou do'ſt infuſe
Which makes vs mount aboue the ſprightly Muſe
Thou art indeed that ſelfe-ſame louing fire,
Whoſe ſtealth infuſed in the Gods ſuch Ire
Againſt *Promethius*: burne cleere bright flame,
To adde another title to my *Name:*
A ſingle ſcepter cannot poize my hand,
But I'le ioyne *Thrace* vnto my natiue Land.
Then warme my braine with thy cæleſtiall fire,
For till my ſtarres eclipſe me I'le aſpire,
Vſher mine actions, ſtill make good my hate,
Eyeneus graue mounts me to beſt of fate.
By this the Sunne (eclip'ſt with duſt and ſweate,
B'gan in the Sea to quench his thirſtie heate.

Ixyon.

By this *Apollo* with deſcending beames,
Began to pierce the ſiluer ſliding ſtreames:
And (though halfe tir'de with trauaile) ſprightly ran,
To drench his treſſes in the *Ocean.*
Now that the fierie *Plannet, God* of *Light,*
Had t'ane his beames hence, and giu'n place to *Night*
Night with broad ſable wings did fan the *Sea,*
Taking her rice from off the watry *Lea.*
And in her pitchie mantle ſittes on hie,
Naild with a thouſand *Starres* vpon the *skie.*
Now ſhine *Oryon* and the *Pleiades,*
While *Phœbus* rayes doe guild th' *Antipodes,*
And *Cynthia* in long diſheueld haire,
With ſiluer *Creſſent* doth adorne her *Spheare:*
Now toile-diſſoluing *Night* with ſilent charmes
Welcome's *Ixyon* in her ſable armes.
Dull *Icelon* hangs on their eyes like Lead,
And ſummons all the family to bed.

Where

Ixyon.

Where all enioy ſweet, pleaſant downy reſt,
Except *Ixyon* whoſe ſtill-troubled breſt,
Cannot admit of wit-refreſhing ſleepe,
But with his murtherous thoughts ſtrickt watch
Yet (not forgetting *Hymeneall rights*, (doth keepe.
He hugges his wife with fained appetite. (harme,
Shee gentle Queene, pure, dreadles of all (warme:
With her ſoft twines his hate child blood doth
And fealts him with rare Iunkets and ſuch ſweetes
In whoſe fruition all delights doe meete.
Ixyon ſoone, her, and himſelfe doth pleaſe, (eaſe.
Which done, ſhe ſleeps, *Delights* o'retane by
Me thinkes the fruit yeelding ſuch pleaſant taſt
Such liuely ſweets that yet vnperiſh't laſt,
Might well extinguiſh that ſame blood-fed flame,
That i'th trees duſt inter's the *fellers fame*.
But nought preuailes, *Eyoneus* needs muſt fall,
„ No ſweetes can ſweeten a corrupted *Gall*.

For

Ixyon.

For now I heare *Ixyon* thanke his *Fate,*
For meanes how to produce th'effects of *Hate*
Which *Night* (wel suting wi his blacker (thought)
Into his minde hath firme, yet quickly brought:
And now he spends the remnant of the *Night*
Onely in wishing for th'approaching *Light* :
Yet he with *horror* meanes to cloud the day,
Thirstie *Ambytion* cannot brooke delay.
And now *Aurora* with slow stately pace
Distils her pearly drops on euery place.
Which *Phœbus* seeing (vsher'd by that *Starre,*
That still conducts him to his burning *Carre*)
Comes forth in state, to take from earth againe
What his Loue gaue, t'enrich each fertile plaine.
Ixyon riseth, and with quickest speed,
Sends to *Erictho,* whose dam'nd helpe he needs,
Strickly commanding, that she straite puruay
Some Hell-charm'd fogge to cannopie the day:

And

And by her a *Sorcerie* ſtorme to reare, (feare:
Whoſe noyſe might make both men and Gods to
Erictheoe in a Caue of *Theſſaly*,
That vnderpin'd a lofty promontorie
Had her abiding, there no ſparke of *Light*,
Did euer peepe, t'was there eternall *Night*.
Saue onely that ſome ſparkles did ariſe,
From her halfe buried, euer-fiery eyes.
Her hayreles ſcalpe was like a *ſtatues* head,
Each ſide with a huge elfelocke furniſhed:
Of colour like a blacke-roane horſes taile,
All which a kercher of *Bats* wings doth vaile:
Her face like *Mars*, his front wrinkled with ire
Or parchment leaues, late ſcorched by the fire:
She once had teeth and lips, but truth to ſay,
Time now hath worne, both teeth and lips away.
Shee, s carnell backt, and hollow is her breſt,
Her lo[illegible]es are crooked, and deform'd the reſt:

Ixyon.

All parts with one another angrie bee,
Onely her noſe and chinne doe ſtill agree,
And (louingly)do alwayes kiſſe each other,
Which her breath enuying with horrid ſmoother
Seeks to diſioyne them, but yet (wanting might)
Doth onely blaſt both, with her cruell ſpight,
And makes them looke of ſuch a ſwartie red,
As doth corrupted fleſh by *Arte* made dead:
Thus liues *Erictheo*, and by *Sorcerie*
Doth clogge the ſoule, with damn'd impietie.
Hold gentle *Muſe*, do not thus looſely ſtray,
But with high wing trace thy propoſed way :
Now draw the Curtains, and vnmaske a deede
May wonder-ſtrike the world, and humane ſeede.
Ixyon (hauing to *Erictheo* ſent)
Salutes *Eyoneus with faire complement*,
And him inuites, (the Morne yet being cleere)
To hunt the ſauage Bore, or timerous Deere:

And after that, be pleaſed to accept
A cuſtomarie thing the *Auncients* kept:
Which was, that euery Sonne in *Lawe* did giue
Gifts to his wiues *Syre*, and that vſe did liue
Religiouſly obſeru'd through manie ages,
Reuerenc't of all, confirm'd by *learned Sages*:
Thoſe gifts (when as their ſport is ended quite,
And exerciſe hath ſharpned *Appetite*)
He ſaith hee would preſent him at a *Feaſt*,
Where onely hee ſhould be his *Princely Gueſt*:
Hee condiſcends, ſo ride they to their ſport,
And for Field-game, change the delights of *Court*.
Scarce had the *Deere* bin rowzed by their houds
(Whoſe noiſe with *Eccboes* made the hils rebound)
When blacke *Ericthoe* by her *Sorcerie*,
Had much diſtemperd the day-guiding *Skie*:
It ſeemd that *Ione*, (mou'd with ſom noiſe on earth
To confound that, had giuen his *Thunder* breath.

For

For now it ſpake lowd (mixt with haile and raine)
And Pallid *Lightning* blaſts the hopefull graine:
Segeſtaes ſonne (bound by *Erictheos* charme)
Now cannot keepe the windes from doing harme,
Nor yet confine them in their lowe-built Caue,
But that for paſſage boyſtrouſly they raue,
Forcing their freedome, with as awfull power,
As if they meant to teare their marble Tower:
And as ſwift Currents, long reſtraind from vent,
Grow rougher through their forc't impriſonmẽt.
And with the clamorous roaring that they make,
Do force the Heards, the fertile Banks forſake:
Euen ſo the windes (ruſhing from forth their den)
Bring ſudden terror, on amazed men:
Here *Turrets* tremble, there huge *Steeples* ſhake,
Some (ſtorm-torne) tũble, moſt their place forſake
Strange, ſtrong effects of a bad mixed potion,
To giue things ſenſles, ſuch quick ſudden motion:

Ixyon.

Coſt on faire buildings laide, was laide amiſſe,
For what but now had forme, a *Chaos* is:
The Coniurde Tempeſt, makes the Thickets nod,
(Such helliſh power dwels in *Erictheos* rod) *Storme*
Trees, whoſe ſtrength could not but oppoſe this
By oppoſition looſe both life and forme:
And they that bore their tops moſt high,
Are now the meaneſt vnderneath the Skie.
Nothing but Shrubs are ſafe, who low in State,
Are not yet ripe for ſuch prepoſterous *Fate.*
But yet *Eyoneus*, like a *Lawrell* bough
(Vntouch't, ſaue with the *horror* of this ſhowe)
Did cheerfullie aduance his reuerent head,
Which in *Ixyon* moſt amazement bred:
For on this *Storme* which tooke this ample ſcope,
Stood the firme *Baſes* of his bloody hope.
Whereon like a *Colloſſus* hee might ſtand,
(By *Murther* propt) and gouerne either Land:

Murther

Murther hee thinks no *Sinne*, knowing few frowne
On *deeds* (thogh nere so *black*, who th'euēts crown,
And had *Eyoneus* here endurde the worſt,
T'would haue ſeem'd accidentall that forc't,
And had this *Tempeſt* ruinde him and all,
What was inhumane, had ſeem'd *naturall.*
This Tempeſt (miſſing this intended wracke)
Somewhat of her late force began to ſlacke,
And in farre calmer termes her rage to ſpend,
For now *Erictheos* Charme tooke ſolemne end.
And as a route of rude vntutor'd *Hyndes*,
Whoſe beſt bad ſenſes, cauſeleſſe *Furie* blindes,
In mad confuſed manner moue ſome *Iarre*,
(Making Trade-engines inſtruments of *Warre*)
One beares an Axe, th'other a Hammer brings,
„ *Fury* can make weapons of any thing:
And (weakely arm'd with ſwords) but ſtrong in *Ire*,
Conſume the Neighbour villages with *Fire:*

Knowing th'are *Traytors*, nought can them asswage
But on all things, they execute their rage:
Their liues being forfeit, aime at things most faire
,,He that for nought cã hope, shuld noght dispaire:
Yet from the *Prince*, if some graue man be sent,
To promise pardon, if they be content
To cease their mutinie, and to submit
To him that weares the awfull *Coronet*:
At first, a busie murmur's only heard,
As if some vnknowne *Stratageme* they fear'd,
But (soone resolu'd) their Armes they cast away,
And in most gratefull tearms proclaime their ioy.
Euen so the windes (freed from *Eridthoes* Charme)
Seeme to repent their lately rash done harme,
And quietly (being manacled beneath)
Doth only Fanne the *World*, with mildest breath:
The *Thunders* husht, and *Ioues* late fiery fumes
Their proper *Element* do reassume.

Ixyon.

The rayne's appeasde, and *Iunoes Nuntius*
Is to the world seene as propitious,
And in her seuerall colours richly dight,
(Arching the *Skie*) doth promise purer *Light*.
Ixyon faines himselfe with ioy orecome,
To see *Eyoneus* had escapt the storme,
And presently conducts him, as to take
These Spowsall gifts, where he must all forsake,
T'a *Lodge*, (for murther acted) thither goes,
"A fained friend's worse then ten open Foes.
There come, and seated, Ceremonious rites
Promise faire *Welcome*, season'd with delights:
When in deepe silence, full of expectation,
Noting *Ixyons* formall Celebration,
And seeming dutious zeale, *Eyoneus* Chaire,
Gins to sincke with him, to some lower staire:
Hee (dreadles) sits, and presently doth slippe,
Through some fewe sticks, into a fierie pitte:

Ixyon.

Whoſe low, cloſe, feruent heate, and diſmall *fume*,
Did in an inſtant, his liues ſtrength conſume.
Slaues take him vp, but ere with him they riſe,
His *Soule* (being better wing'd) was boue the *Skies*.
Thou moſt vnworthie, both of name & being,
How couldſt thou act this thy vniuſt decreeing,
And vnder ſhewe of *Loue* (compos'd of durt)
Kill, whom a *helliſh* ſtorme thought *Sin* to hurt?
What breach of holie *Hoſpitalitie*,
Of open kindnes, and *Friends* loyaltie,
Haſt thou herein committed? Oh theſe ils
Would put rough teeth, into the ſmootheſt quils:
Hadſt thou giuen notice of thy hates condition,
Or had it bene in *Hoſtile oppoſition*,
Leſſe had thy ſcandall bene, but with faire face
To ſhrowde ſuch deeds, is as abhord, as baſe.
Diſſimulation! Oh, there's nothing worſe,
Tis *Treaſons* mother, of all ills the Nurſe.

Ixyon.

A falſe glaſſe to the *Soule*, that ſtill preſents (euents:
Things in faire formes, nere crown'd with good
The fire that burnes giues warning by his flame
T'auoide the ill his pointed *angles* frame,
But that in aſhes rak't, vnfear'd, vnſeene,
Is the moſt dangerous miniſter of ſpleene:
The *Sea* whom *Æolus* doth moue to anger,
Doth by ſome ſigne foretell the flowing danger:
And all things that bode perill vnto man,
Haue tokens that pregoe the hurt they can;
The *Sunne* (declining) tells vs t'wil be darke,
And though ſome curre doe bite before he barke
Yet in the ſpacious world was neuer found
A dog that (fawning) ere was knowne to wound;
But *man* that ſhould be beſt, is *Lord* of all,
As *goods*, ſo *vices* to his ſhare do fall:
For this (in knowing creatures) hath bene euer
To ſee the beſt, yet in the worſt perſeuer.

Vaine

Ixyon.

Vaine men that *Deifide* themſelues, do deeme
When *Tytles* timpanize them, then they ſeeme
Like bladders puft, or like a ſtrutting *Player*
(He dawb'd with kingly forme, they ſtuft with aire,)
And (ſeuer'd from the multitude by name)
Thinke they are bleſt with neuer dying *Fame.*
Yet *Fame* (though nere ſo worthily atchieu'd)
We ſee is or abortiue, or ſhort liu'd,
And vnto no man any comforts brings,
But flies aboue vs with inconſtant wings.
Oh why did not the *Heauens* by graue foreſight
Ad to the windes ſtrength their reuenging might
To ceaze *Ixyon?* but they are content
By ſparing to increaſe his puniſhment:
And ſcourge him when he is in greateſt ſtate,
„ *Vengeance* is full growne, falles in height of *Fate.*
Ixyon (ſtain'd with the rich blood he ſpilt)
Vntouch't in euery place, ſaue with his guilt,

Wiſheth

Wisheth his *Senses* had not muffled bin,
To lead him blindfold to so foule a sin:
And that *Eyoneus* death had bene preuented,
Which as t'was quickly done, was soone repented:
Curseth his *Fate*, and in repentant sort
Conuaies *Eyoneus* breathles corpes to *Court*:
Where when he came, the care-bethronged *Queene*
Soone as her *father* liueleſſe she had seene,
Ask't whose blacke deed that was, *Ixyon* strait
(Weeping) acknowledged t'was his *deceit*,
And what he closely acted, did reueale,
„ (Murther's *a Sinne* no *Conscience* can conceale)
Which very words extinguish't her liues fire,
For at the sound thereof she did expire.
Time, that with sharpest Sithe, and purple wings
In his swift race to *Dissolution* brings
The great'st and worthiest monuments on *earth*,
Whose end is dateles, like his vnknowne birth,

Hath

Ixyon.

Hath now with *Fate* ſo leagueally agreed,
As in *Ixyon* diſcontent to breed,
His *Conſcience* is his ſcourge, he feeles thereby
A ſmarting fence of his impiety:
The funerall tapers that adorn'd their herſe
Shall giue ſafe conduct to my mournfull *verſe*,
Which (not extinct with ſighes) did cleerly burne
Ouer their two-fold, timeleſſe, filled *Vrne*,
Vntill the lateſt obſequies were done,
And they both laid vnder one marble ſtone.
Ixyons cleerer iudgement then exhalde
Thoſe miſts of *horror* which his *Sences* vailde:
And gaue him leaue to looke into his *Soule*, (troule
Which (charg'd with great accounts) did ſtrait con-
All his delights on earth, they being fled,
Hop keepes him liuing, *Paſſion* ſtrikes him dead:
And both together with their ſeuerall darts,
Wound and torment all his interior parts:

Hope

Ixyon.

Hope bids him liue, and cancell *care* at length,
But in meane time his *Care* conſumes his ſtrength
Vnmarroweth his bones, vnſappes his vaines,
And keepes him full of diſagreeing paines:
And thus he liues in deepeſt paſſions drown'd,
His preſent griefes all future Ioyes confound:
All men abhorre him for his ill vrg'd gall,
„ He is moſt wretched, none lament at all.
And thus (accompanied by none but *griefe*)
He leaues his kingdome like a midnight thiefe,
And like a wanderer ſtraies about the earth,
Curſing his *Fate*, exclaiming on his birth:
Wiſhing that day wherein he firſt drew breath
Had by his funerall proclaim'd his death,
That when he crept out of his mothers wombe
H'had (wailed) gon into his lateſt *Tombe*,
And then a ſullen ſilence in him breeds
He only with his teares his ſorrow feeds:

Still

Ixyon.

Still they diſtill apace yet are not don,
His eyes are ſprings that neuer ceaſe to run:
One drop, anothers roome doth ſtrait ſupplie,
Yet nere exhauſt's the current of his eye:
At laſt his *griefe* with *care* his breſt o're-fraughts,
Thē (tirde with thinking thus, he vents his thoughts:
Furrow my cheekes ſalt teares, plow vp your way,
You are a tribute that mine eyes muſt pay:
In time the deaw of *Heauen* doth pierce the flint,
And you ſhould run till you haue made a dint
On either cheeke, nor then ſhould take your reſt
But with moiſt offerings keepe them ſtill poſſeſt:
You did direct me in my crueltie,
Therefore I'le drowne you both vntill you die:
Which ſince my teares (your naturall rhewme) refuſe
Deepe ſighes Ile make tempeſtuous to that vſe,
The which ſhall neuer ceaſe till you they wracke,
But moue rough billows on my teares ſmooth backe:

But whence proceeds this childish idle flood?
Whence? from lasting crime of shedding blood:
Which to wipe off, I striue with as vaine hope
As they that hourely wash an *Æthiope*:
Nor all the *Seas* i'th world (though on me spilt)
Yet could not clense me of his leapours guilt:
Then why do these slight drops fall from mine eie?
To feede my griefes Lamps that would else be drie:
Oh that *contrition*, offerings, or these teares
(Selfe conquering trophies which my sorrow beares)
Or all that is, or may deuised bee,
To make a guiltie *Soule* with peace agree,
Could but redeeme the *Glory* I haue lost,
How would my *Soule* (though euer weeping) boast?
But none of these can e're inter my shame,
(Now King) of nothing but a large defame
Which will liue euer, and wax huger still,
„ *Report* doth (going) growe of good or ill:)

Nor

Ixyon.

Nor ſet me in my priſtine *Innocence*,
„ There is no ſting like that of *Conſcience*:
Yet theſe (though bootles) here I vow to ſpend,
Till *Time* conſpire with *Fate* to worke mine end.
Theſe and the like from a vaſt *Sea* of woes
That in *Ixyons* guiltie breſt ſtill flowes
He ſtill repeates, and careleſly doth ſtray,
„ He that is poore, is ne're out of his way:
At laſt with wearie limbes, and bared ſcalpe
He in's progreſſion mounts the frozen *Alpes*,
And (by *diſpaire*) almoſt to madnes drouen
His long neglected hands he reares to *Heauen*,
And (wanting meanes for other ſacrifice)
Thus on his knees beſpake the *Deities*:
Yee ſtill-agreeing powers, emptie of *Iarres*,
That in your daily motion tread on *Starres*,
You that o'relooke this our terreſtriall *Ball*,
Whoſe influence giues forme and life to all,

Ixyon.

You that in *Characters*, ſubſcrib'de by *Fate*,
Record the worlds vaſt frame, and vtmoſt date,
Oh let a mortalls prayers, and teares intreate
Safe paſſe for ſome fewe words, to *Ioues* high ſeate,
And when (clad all in ayre) they mount on hi[gh],
Be pleas'd dread powers, to let them pierce the ſk[ies]
Great ſonne of *Saturne*, euerliuing *Ioue*,
By whoſe permiſſion euery thing doth moue,
Eternall eſſence that with awfull mace
Doeſt rule all things in *Heauen*, and humane ra[ce],
Whoſe onely ſmile can ſaue, or frowne cã ſpoy[le],
Whoſe very breath doth make the *Ocean* boyle,
Whoſe euery action filles the world with wond[er],
Whoſe eies dart *Lightning*, & whoſe voice is *Thu[nder]*,
Whoſe glorious *Throne* the *Zodiacke* vnderbar[es],
That out-ſhin'ſt all, clad in thy roabe of *Starr[es]*.

Ixyon.

Oh if a man, whose guilt speakes in his face,
VVhose *Sins* exclude from all good hope of grace
May dare attempt, with blood-polluted hands
To touch thy Pedestell, whereon there stands
VVrought by diuine *Art*, such a world of *Glory*,
As to all worlds shall be an ample story:
Then let *Ixyon* (rich in nought but shame,
And all the adiuncts to a vast defame)
VVith teares petitionarie thee desire,
To purge his *Sins* with thine immortall fire,
Clense what's corrupt, make pure what is most foule:
And of my speckled, make a glorious *Soule*:
The more my *Sin*, the greater is thy *Fame*,
If thou do purge it with thy hallowed flame:
VVill not you christall steilified gate
Ope, and with milde aspect adorne my *Fate*?

Heare

Ixyon.

Heare me dread *Ioue*, or if thou wilt not heare,
Yet take ſome notice of theſe penitent teares,
Could my tongue ſpeak as loud as doth my *Sinne*
With my ſhril praiers ere now, th'adſt rowzed bin:
Yet ſtill ile pray, and with my diſmall cries,
Fan ope thy *Glories* Curtaine, the blew *Skies*,
And till my ſinnes with mercie be commixt,
A kneeling liuing *Statue* here be fixt.
At this th'appeaſed *Heauens* began to ſmile,
And this great *Deitie* that had all this while
With an attentiue eare obſeru'd the prayers
Ixyon ſpent, his penitence and teares:
(Prompted by pittie) doth reſolue once more
To make *Ixyon* happier then before:
And for his kingdomes loſſe, hee meanes to giue
A place of reſidence, where hee ſhall liue.

Ixyon.

Mating himselfe (aboue i'th arched *Skie*,
There sporting with the *Gods* eternallie:)
To this great worke, hee summons instantly
His *Sonne*, and *Herald* (winged *Mercury*)
With his gold *plumes* throgh th'aire to make quick
And be a welcome *Nuntius* to this wight: (flight,
Inioyning *Hermes* on the *Alpes* t'appeare,
(From whence *Ixyons* prayer pierc't his eare)
And whom he found there (weeping in *Dispaire*)
To Vsher him through the yeelding *aire*:
VVhat needed more to him of *wit* that's *God*?
To'th wise one word's enough, to him *Ioues* nod:
Hermes with speed quicker then thought of
Lights on the *Alpes*, as was by *Ioue* assign'd, (mind
And there (with hands vpreard) *Ixyon* found
Kneeling, his knees euen growne vnto the ground:

VVhom

Ixyon.

VVhō (when he ſees) he with his *rod* him charmes,
Bids him be dreadleſſe of all future harmes,
And frō the cold earth (moyſtned with his teares)
To riſe and follow him emptie of feares:
(VVhich ſaid) through th'aire his ſiluer *Rod* hee (moues,
And executed ſo the will of *Ioue*
Ixyon now aboue in *Heauen* is plac't,
VVelcom'd by *Iupiter*, and by him grac't,
And now *Ixyon* would my *Muſe* might leaue thee,
But of that hope, thy worſt *Fate* doth bereaue me:
Hadſt bene contented when thou wert ſo bleſt
Th'adſt ſtill bene happie, and my *Muſe* tane reſt:
But thy *Ambition* cauſde thy ſo great fall,
And that of all ills is originall.
But why taxe I thee for ſuch loſſe of *glory*,
That dare with ſo young *Muſe* attempt thy ſtory?

Ixyon.

I ſhould haue left it to ſome learned Pen
That had bene deeply ſteept in *Hippochrene:*
As thou in thy attempt, I muſt fall too,
Though my fall cannot be ſo great, and low:
Yet were my ruine iuſt as neere as thine,
Tis honour t'haue attempted things diuine:
Then on my *Muſe* in this thy forward race,
Vſher thy ſeruant with thy beſt of grace
To end this little worke, and heere I ſweare
Some worthie *Trophie* to thy name Ile reare.
Ixyon (ſeated thus by *Ioues* conſent)
Saw thoſe moſt enuyed were moſt eminent,
For his great height did in ſome *Gods* infuſe
A kinde of *hate*, which yet they durſt not vſe:
Firſt *Icelon*, cauſe from him hee extorted (ſorted,
Much time, which he with ſo blacke thoghts con-

(Next

Ixyon.

Next *Æolus*, for by a Witches rod
H'had made him seeme a *Tyrant* and no *God*:
Hymen was also swolne with much despight,
Because his holy *Lawes* he so did slight:
Rhamnusia inly vext, and much did rue,
Because her punishment, which was his due
Was not(as yet) inflicted on his head,
That was by *Vice* into such horror led:
In others(too)much spleen which knowne to *Iove*
Hee with his frowne doth checke, and so remoue.
Thus by the *Gods*, finding this sweete relieſe,:
Purg'd of his Crime, as also of the griefe
His Crime brought on him, he begins to swell,
Mans highest rice is neerest steppe to *Hell*:
For now *Ixyon* doth reteine no sence
Of his late guilt, or sting of *Conscience*:

But as a *Letcher* in the *Surgions* cure,
Vowes (if once well) to be no more impure,
And sweares hee'le neuer clippe his *Whore* againe,
(And meanes so too, as long as hee feeles paine)
Yet is no sooner cured of his harmes,
But hee strait leapes into his *Harlots* armes:
Euen so *Ixyon* (purged from this sin)
To attempt a greater farre doth thus begin:
Ioues wife and Sister, whether by her eye
Or by the power of *Cupids* Deitie,
I'le not distinguish, strooke him so in loue, (moue:
As to *Heauens Queene*, his *Lust*-suite hee durst
And (warm'd with much more then *Promethean* fire)
Iuno hee courts to sate his leaud desire:
Oh the vnbounded *Lust*, and *pride* of *Man*,
That in their bloods height no one reason scan,

But

But abuſe fauours that haue them rewarded,
Nor p ritie of *States* is then regarded,
Princes neglected, nay the *Gods* profan'de
To get a pleaſure loſt, e're fully gain'd:
For *Reaſons* light, cleere as the lampe of day,
Shines in each Roome of this our houſe of clay,
Saue thoſe that ſerue our luſt, and they are left,
Of all but ſenſuall appetite bereft:
No light ſhines there, and *Poets* workes importune,
Our *Luſt* makes vs more blind then they faine *fortune*
Ixyons heate keepes him from being muſe,
And prompts him thus to moue his loathed ſute:
Immortall greatnes, Deitie moſt pure,
Whoſe name, and glory euer ſhall endure:
Vouchſafe to what I here preſent in feare,
To lend a willing, and a gratious eare:

Nor

Nor let my boldnes any anger moue,
Since faults are no faults, that are done by *Loue:*
From ſtile of all preſumption, that doth free
My great attempt, my ſuite, my name and mee:
The *Gods* haue lai'd aſide their great eſtate,
To court faire *Shepheardeſſes*, *Loue* and *Fate*
Are aboue all, *Loue* raignes in euery part,
Mars (clad in armes) was wounded by his dart:
And as his power can take from *Gods*, euen ſo
It can adde worth to vs that are belowe:
Then by this rule *I'me* worthy of thy *Loue*,
Made great by that which hath abaſed *Ioue*:
Which let me but poſſeſſe (perfections *Queene*)
And I'le be dreadles of your husbands ſpleene:
Nor ſhall his *Cyclops* in me poſſions moue,
The flames of *Ætna* match not thoſe of *Loue*:

And neuer ſhame with me to act *Loues* deed,
Since *Gods* haue often mixt with humane ſeed.
At this th'incenſed *Queene*, whoſe ſiluer brow,
Beautie and *Dread* (in ſeuerall formes) did show:
In an amazed maieſtie thought good,
To cure with *Vengeance* this diſeaſe a'th blood:
Yet knowing in *Ioues* thoughts he ſat ſo high,
Omitt's reuenge, and makes this ſharpe reply:
And is this then the tribute that you pay,
To him breath'd *Heauenly* fire in earthly clay?
Are theſe the offerings due vnto his ſhrine,
That did thy clew of miſerie vntwine,
And when *Diſpaire* ſat heauie on thy breſt
Remou'd thy torments, gaue thy ſorrowes reſt?
Hath then great *Ione*, (my dreaded Lord and brother)
In pardoning one ſin, thus produc't another?

This then I see for truth shall still endure,
, Pittie in *Gods* makes men to sinne secure:
I'le answere thee as once *Latena* did,
Her nightly wandering daughter, that vnhid
Doth with her virgin body *Lampe* darke night,
Once grieu'd to be so seene to humane sight,
She of her mother presently requested
To be with some rich proper roabe inuested,
Which she might euer weare to hide her shame,
Preserue her modestie, and secure her fame:
Latona wisely answered againe,
That thy request is idle, fond and vaine;
For sometime th'art so big, no robe can hide thee,
Sometime so little, we can scarce espie thee:
Then since thou art so subiect vnto change,
Thou 'bout the *Zodiacke* still shalt naked range:

And that's the cauſe *Luna* abhorres the light,
And ne're is ſeene to vs but in the *Night*:)
Thou (more then ſhe her forme) do'ſt change thy minde,
Thy vaſt deſires are in no bounds confin'de:
Sometime thy thoughts are humble as the earth
Which thou wert made of, and which gaue thee birth,
Sometime (as now) thou do'ſt as vainly ſwell,
As he that for his pride was caſt to *Hell*:
Then what one thing can fit thy diſpoſition,
That's of ſo ſtrange and various a condition?
From thy abhorred *Luſt* I will be free,
As ſhe her daughter, ſo I'le anſwere thee:
Which is immoueable, ceaſe to diſpute,
Luna could get no gowne, nor thou thy ſuite.
Yet (ſaith *Ixyon*) heare me e're you go,
Let not cold chaſtitie benumne you ſo:

Ixyon.

As to contemne my loue, be my Loues mate,
Though not to crowne my loue, to quite your hate:
Ile not desist for this your first reply,
Who (faintly) craues, instructeth to denie:
Know mightie *Queene*, *Ioue* doth you so much wrong,
As y'are not iust, if you *Reuenge* prolong:
Changing himselfe into a golden shower
He did force ope *Acrisius* brazen tower
To enioy *Danae*, and on her begot,
One that by's valour did race out the blot
His bastard birth brought on him, like a *Bull*,
He with *Europa* made his pleasure full:
In a *Swans* shape, on *Læda* he begot
Two, two-fold eggs, in one of which were shut
The fatall sparkes that set the brand on fire,
Which in *Troyes* raines did to'th clouds aspire:

(These

Theſe are the meaneſt of his luſtfull Scapes,
Made monſtrous by the many ſeuerall *Rapes*
He hath beſides committed, and can you then
Be leſſe vindictiue then we ſilly men?
Our blood mixt with our gall, doth inly boyle,
To act reuenge we doe refuſe no toyle:
But to all dangers do our liues expoſe,
Of priuate *Treaſons*, and of publike foes:
Delight ſhall vſher yours (renowned *Queene*)
Pleaſure ſhall crowne Reuenge, and ſweeten ſpleene:
That with your ſelfe you ſhall diſpute at leiſure,
Whether were ſweeteſt, your reuenge, or pleaſure.
Know ſelfe-abuſing man (*Iuno* replies)
Thou art too baſe to mixe with *Deities*:
Yet wert thou each way worthy of my *Loue*,
Or could there be a greater power then *Ioue*?

Ixyon.

With notes more ſweet then muſick of the *Spheares*,
To charme my *Senſes*, or delight mine eares:
All ſhould not moue me, loyall I'le remaine,
„ Vnlawfull pleaſure, brings a lawfull paine:
Thou that do'ſt ſugar poiſon, and do'ſt ſay,
Reuenge is pleaſant, there will come a day
When with bedewed cheeks thy ſelfe ſhalt tell,
„ *Reuenge* on earth, buies a Reuenge in *Hell*:
From *Ioues* dread will, my thoughts ſhall neuer ſtart,
„ Reuenge is *treaſon* in a ſubiects hart:
I am his Subiect, ſo more *Honour* lies
In bearings wrongs, then quitting iniuries.
Which ſaid, with ſtately ſpeed from him ſhe moues,
To tell *Ixyons Luſt* and *Pride* to *Ioue*,
Which he alreadie knew, and was inuenting,
To plague *Ixyon* with ſome ſtrange tormenting.

That might into his very *Soule* intrude,
And wound him deepe for his *Ingratitude*,
And now the more *Ixyon* to annoy,
Hee'le first delude, and afterward destroy:
An emptie cloude he fashions like his wife
Induing it with beautie, forme, and life,
So like as hee himselfe for once did misse,
And did the cloud in steed of *Iuno* kisse:
With this same seeming, *Iuno* he presents,
Lust-fraught *Ixyon*, who with an intent
Not to it the least accent to afford,
(Knowing they'le do the deed, deny the word)
Silent he hastes vnto this borrowed shape,
As did the Byrds t' *Apelles* painted grapes;
But with more appetite, and bold intrusion,
They did scarce touch, hee tastes of this delusion,

And ioyfully hee doth himſelfe beguile,
Since the true frowne was now a fained ſmile:
In vtmoſt height of *Luſt*, and amorous twines,
He clippes this ſeeming *Iuno*, that now ſhines
Bright in his thoughts, as t'vs the eye of *Day*,
When (clad in flames) hee trottes the milky way:
For in this act of *Luſt* hee much doth toyle,
But ſelfe-conſuming Lampes, that want their oyle
Muſt leaue their wiſhed light, "ſated *Deſire*
„ Is like the *Glowormes* vneffectuall fire:
But yet *Ixyon* on this ſeeming Faire,
(Which was indeed nought but deluſiue aire)
Begot the *Centaures*, that rebeld gainſt *Ioue*:
The mixture monſtrous, ſo th'effect did proue:
But of *Ixyons* iſſue, write who will,
Monſters in minde (not *Nature*) moue my quill.

Ixyon.

This act of luſt and *Horror* ended thus;
Ioue (brooking ill a man ſo vitious
As was *Ixyon* ſhould in *Heauen* remaine,
In *Iuſtice* fixt him on the earth againe:
Thus hee that (purg'd) among the Gods did liue,
May now on earth ſuch loſſe of *Glory* grieue,
And euer mourne to beare ſo great a croſſe
„ We truly nere taſte ioy, but by the loſſe,
Which yet hee cannot relliſh, his dull taſt
Is like one's forc't to feed that feedes his laſt,
And can no whit diſtinguiſh (wanting power)
But thinks what's bitter ſweet, & what ſweet ſower:
Hee hauing clipt this ſhape of eminence,
Applaudes the act in his deluded ſence,
And (ſwolne with glory of ſo great a deed) (ſeed,
Proclaimes *Heauens-Queene* a whoore, to humane

Ixyon.

Vowing to *Iupiter* hee was vniuſt,
And that her breſts were pillowes to his *Luſt*,
That hee in heate had clipt that world of wonder
In ſpight of *Ioue*, and his three-forked *Thunder*:
Which to reuenge, *Ioue* with his *Lightning* ſtrooke,
This birth-curſt monſter to *Hells* loweſt nooke,
And makes him there this heauie torment feele,
Euer to turne a neuer-reſting Wheele:
Which to his *Oblique* ſence, his crime doth ſhew
In Serpents Charracter'd vnto his view,
Which as he turnes, he reades, and euer turnes,
And round about the poyſonous *Sulphur* burnes:
Tha'rt in a place where thou muſt euer bee,
Frõ whence no *Time* or *Fate* can euer reſcue thee:
For when on earth no man ſhall haue a brother,
And th'*Elements* ſhall one deface each other,